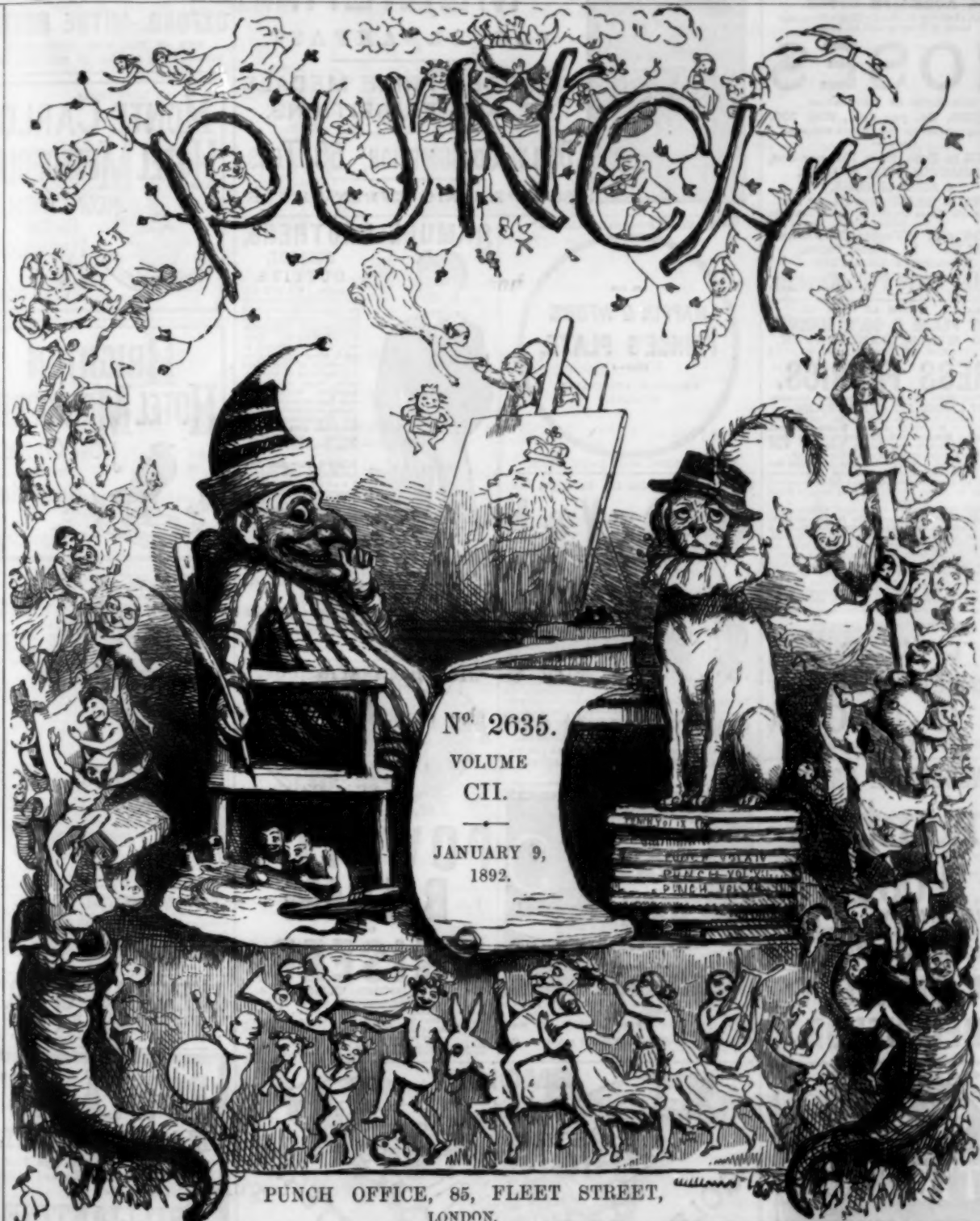


THE  
HANDLEY CROSS  
Sporting Series

"MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR," the commencing  
Volume of the "JORROCKS" Edition of the "Handley Cross" Series,  
is just published, price 6s., with 70 Woodcut Illustrations and a Hand  
Coloured Steel Engraving as Frontispiece, by JOHN LEECH. [BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD.,  
Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.



Nº. 2635.

VOLUME  
CII.

JANUARY 9,  
1892.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

USE **LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
EXTRACT OF BEEF. PERFECT PURITY ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

[Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

For PLEASURE and PROFIT.

# FRUIT

Nothing so Profitable and Easy to Grow.

74 ACRES IN STOCK.

See CATALOGUE for Simple Instructions and kinds of Trees to suit all Soils.

# ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

BUSHES, 8s. per doz., 60s. 100. Packing and Carriage Free for Cash with order.

ROSES in Pots, from 15s. per doz. ORNAMENTAL TREES 91 ACRES.

4 ACRES OF CLASS.

CLEMATIS (80,000), from 15s. per doz. N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

SEEDS and Vegetable, Flower, and Bulb. DESCRIPTIVE LIST FREE.

RICHARD SMITH & CO., Worcester.

LADIES, WRITE AT ONCE TO HENRY PEASE & CO.'S SUGGERS, THE MILLS, DARLINGTON, FOR PATTERNS OF THEIR NEW WINTER DRESS FABRICS.

## DRESS FABRICS.

SENT POST FREE ON APPROVAL TO ANY ADDRESS. ART LINGER CUT AT MILL PRICES.

All the latest and most fashionable designs and entirely new weavings of their world-renowned Gold Medal Merinos and Cashmeres, Cross-Warp Serges, and Rough and Ready Tweeds. New Shades for the Season in charming variety. DRESSMAKING.—Special Department under the charge of a Court Modiste of great experience. Systems for self-measurement, and all information necessary to secure perfect fit, will be forwarded without charge.

Any article not approved exchanged within seven days. All Goods are warranted to be equal to sample. Carriage Paid on all Orders to any Railway station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, Cork, and Waterford. London Sale Room, 24, REGENT ST. (over Jeffs & Harris, the Furriers), where a full range of Patterns, as well as goods in the piece, and finished Costumes, may be seen. Experienced Assistants are in attendance to take measurements and instructions for dressmaking, and prompt execution of all orders is guaranteed.

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

# EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

# COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

## Oriental Tooth

CAUTION. THE GENUINE ONLY IS BROWN. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Pots. 60 years in use in the highest Circles.

JEWSBURY & BROWN. Paste.

LA CIGARETTE DELICIEUSE.



# CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

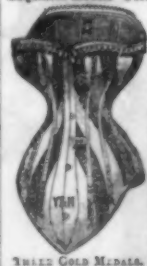
SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."



"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

Exquisite Model. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.



## THE Y & N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. 'The most comfortable corset ever made.' LATEST PATENT. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable Colours and Shades, or Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, also in the new Sanitary Woolen Cloth, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.

## DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.



UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING OF ALL BEVERAGES. AS A SOLID FOOD: Always ready, and most wholesome. IN FANCY GOODS: Artistically got up in the greatest variety.

## SAMUEL BROTHERS. SCHOOL OUTFITS.



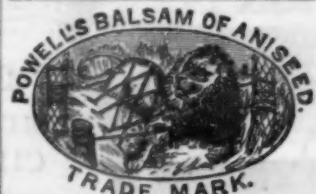
MEAS. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of Materials for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new Illustrations Catalogues, containing about 600 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.

ELMS' Chipping Norton Riding and Sailing Tweeds, Cheviots, Hosiery, Serges, &c. A very large assortment of the productions of this eminent firm is always kept in stock.

"Eros" &c. SAMUEL BROTHERS, Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c. 63 & 67, LONDON WALL, LONDON. E.C. Workshop: Pilgrim St., Ludgate Hill; and 25, Gray's Inn Road.

## BRINSMEAD PIANOS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS. Pianoforte Makers to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, in Wigmore Street, W. Lists Free. Established over half a century.



## POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

For COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Sold by Chemists throughout the world. No family should be without it. Fairs, Beral, Roberts, Hager, Rotterdam, Saaten Koff. Established over 50 years. Prepared only by THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

## BOARD AND RESIDENCE—

Perfect—at COURT ROYAL, (summit of ST. NORWOOD HILL. The height of 110 ft.) Above Fogs! Station, Newwood Junction. "As on a visit to a country mansion." Six splendid reception rooms. New Parka Billiard Table by R. & W. From 3 guis. single, and 5 guis. double. Cher. A Visitor's voluntary testimonial to Founder: "If you keep such a table as this, you will not have to advertise long!" Visit, or write, "SECRETARY."

## OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

## MONTE CARLO HOTEL METROPOLE

NOW OPEN for the Reception of Visitors.

## BRIGHTON HOTEL METROPOLE

NOW OPEN for the Reception of Visitors.

SAVE 30 PER CENT. by ordering your SHIRTS direct from IRELAND, the Home of Irish Manufacture.

## TAAFFE & COLDWELL'S

Celebrated "PERFECTA" SHIRTS 6 33/-

Delivered FREE to any Address in the Kingdom.



Equal to those usually sold at 7s. 6d. Send size of collar and chest measure. Perfect in fit and appearance. Made of the most durable Longcloth and Pure Irish Linen, in all sizes, or to special measure or pattern. Evening Dress Shirts, extra wide fronts, 6s. 6d. Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, extra quality, 3s. 6d. per half dozen. Post Free. Old Shirts Re-Frased with New Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neckbands, 2s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. Post Free. TAAFFE & COLDWELL, Shirt Tailors, 81, GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN.

## J. EXSHAW & CO.'S

FINEST OLD BRANDY. 60s. per doz. in Cases as Imported. T. W. STAPLETON & Co., 205, Regent Street, W.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Nourishes and Preserves the Hair, makes it Soft and Silky, and is the Best.

## BRILLIANTINE

being not too greasy or drying; specially suited for Ladies' and Children's Hair; bottles, 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.



## ON A NEW YEARLING.

(Second Week.)

My fire was low; my bills were high;  
My sip of punch was in its ladle;  
The clarion chimes were in the sky;  
The nascent year was in its cradle.



Second Week. Little 1892 grows rapidly, and begins to look about him.

In sober prose to tell my tale,  
'Twas New Year's E'en, when, blind to danger,  
All older-fashioned nurses hail  
With joy "another little stranger."

The glass was in my hand—but, wait,  
Methought, awhile! 'Tis early toasting  
With peans too precipitate  
A baby scarce an outline boasting:  
One week at least of life must flit  
For me to match it with its brothers—  
I'll wager, like most infants, it  
Is wholly different from others.

He frolics, latest of the lot,  
A family prolific reckoned;  
He occupies his tiny cot,  
The eighteen-hundred-ninety-second!  
The pretty darling, gently nursed  
Of course, he lies, and fondly petted!  
The eighteen-hundred-ninety-first  
Is not, I fancy, much regretted.

You call him "fine"—he's great in size,  
And "promising"—there issue from his  
Tough larynx quite stentorian cries;  
Such notes are haply notes of promise.  
Look out for squalls, I tell you; soft  
And dove-like atoms more engage us;  
Your *fin-de-siècle* child is oft  
Loud, brazen, grasping, and rampageous.

You bid me next his eyes adore;  
So "deep and wideawake," they beckon;  
We've suffered lately on the score  
Of "deep and wideawake," I reckon.  
You term me an "unfeeling brute,"  
A "monster Herod-like," and so on—  
You may be right; I'll not dispute;  
I'll cease a brat's good name to blow on.

Who'll read the bantling's dawning days?  
Precocious shall he prove, and harass  
The world with inconvenient ways  
And lisped conundrums that embarrass?  
(Such as Impressionists delight  
To offer each æsthetic gaper,  
And faddists hyper-Ibsenite  
Rejoice to perpetrate on paper?)

Or, one of those young scamps perhaps  
Who love to rig their bogus bogies,  
And set their artful booby-traps  
For over-unsuspicious fogies?  
Or haply, only commonplace—  
A plodding sort of good apprentice,

Who does his master's will with grace,  
And hurries meekly where he sent is?  
And, when he grows apace, what  
blend  
Of genius, chivalry and daring,  
What virtues might our little friend  
Display to brighten souls despairing?  
What quiet charities unknown,  
What modest, openhanded kindness,  
What tolerance in touch and tone  
For braggart human nature's blindness?

Or what—the worse part to view—  
Of wanton waste and reckless gam-  
bling,  
What darker paths shall he pursue  
With sacrilegious step and shambling?  
What coarse defiance, haply, hurl  
At lights beyond his comprehension—  
An attitudinising churl  
Who struts with ludicrous preten-  
sion.

I know not—only this I know,  
They're getting overstrained, my  
ditties,  
This kind of poem ought to flow  
Less like a solemn "Nunc Dimittis."  
'Twas jaunty when I struck my lyre,  
And jaunty seems this yearling baby;  
But, as both year and song expire  
They're sadder, each, and wiser, maybe.

## POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

"Hi-tiddle-ly-hi-ti; or, I'm All Right" is heard, "all over the place," as light sleepers and studious dwellers in quiet streets are too well aware. Why should it not be enlisted in the service of Apollo and Momus as well as of the Back Slum Bacchus? As thus:—

No. V.—I-TWADDLEY-HIGH-DRY-HIGH-TONED-I! OR, I'M ALL RIGHT!

AIR—"Hi-Tiddle-ly-Hi-Ti!"

I'm a young writer grimly gay,  
My volumes sell, and sometimes pay.  
First log-rollers raised a rumour of a rising  
Star of Humour,  
Who had faced the Sphinx called Life,  
With amusing misery rife,  
So with sin, and woe, and strife, I thought  
I'd have a lark.  
With pessimistic pick I potted round  
Potted round,  
A new "funny" trick I quickly found,  
Smart and sound,  
Life's cares in hedonistic chuckles drowned,  
You be bound!

The cynic lay  
I found would pay,  
In a young Man of Mark!

Chorus.

All of you come along with me!  
I'm for a rare new fine new spree!  
Everybody is delighted when the Philistines  
are alighted,  
All of you come my books to try!  
I-twaddley-I-ti I-I-I,  
Ego for ever! Buy! Buy! Buy!  
And I'm all right!

Down with the West I go; my pen  
Is bound to "fetch" the Upper Ten,  
With the aid of some "log-rolling," my  
"distinction" much extolling.  
Smart little scribes from near and far  
Say, with a sniff, "O here's a Star!"  
DICKENS on fine souls doth jar, THACKERAY is  
too dry,  
But his pessimistic air, rich and rare,  
Subtle, fair,

Makes Philistia to stare, in a scare,  
And to blare;  
Whilst true Critics *débonnaire*, who are rare,  
With a *faisse*,  
For true humour,  
Swell of rumour  
The gregarious cry.

Chorus.

All of you come along with me!  
You'll have a rare new fair new spree!  
Paradox with "sniff" united, Poor Humanity  
snubbed and alighted.  
Humour's new *curée*, extra-dry.  
I-twaddley-high-dry-high-toned I!  
Come and worship the pessimist "I"  
For that's all right!

After I've taken the toffish Town,  
A second edition, at Half-a-crown,  
Seeks the suffrages—(and money, for on Swell-  
dom you'll go stoney!)—  
Of the much derided Mob.  
Yes, the Proletariat "Bob"  
(With the Guinea of the Nob) must aid the  
Sons of Light.  
Gath and Askalon, you see, can give Me,  
L. S. D. [three  
All true Egoists love those pregnant letters  
Mystic Three!  
Flout Philistia with great glee, fair and free,  
But agree  
To take its "tin,"  
Though with a grin  
Of pessimistic spite.



Chorus.

All of you come along with me!  
'ARRY, who loves a fair old spree!  
"Mugwump" with fine *morgue* delighted,  
Cynical "yearnestness" sore frightened!  
All of you come my "tap" to try!  
I-twaddley-high-dry-high-toned I!  
Come along, boys, Buy! Buy! Buy!  
And I'm all right!



### THE HOME AND THE OPEN SPACE.

*Bumble (log.).* "WOT, GRUMBLE AT BEING EWICTED, AND FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD? NOW, I CALLS THAT INGRATITOOD! WY, WE'RE A-GOING TO MAKE THIS INTO A *PEOPLE'S PLEASURE-GROUND*, WE ARE!!!"

#### JIM'S JOTTINGS.

##### No. 1.—DOWN OUR COURT.

(*In which Jim Juniper, better known as "Ginger Jimmy," discourses of Homes and Open Spaces, &c., and puts a practical problem to the new "Public Health and Housing Committee of the London County Council."*)

MY name is *GINGER JIMMY*, and I live, when I'm to hum,  
In Rats Rents, the kind o' nay'brood wot the Swells now calls a Slum.

I'm a bit thick in the clear, like, and don't quite know wot they mean,  
But I guess it isn't mansions, and I'm sure it isn't clean.

They are always on the job now about Slums, and they do say  
They are going to clear our Court out on the sudden some fine day.  
Whether it's roads, or railways, or hotels, blowed if I know;  
Only 'ope they'll give us notice, and some place where we can go.  
'One is 'ome, if but a dungheap; if you 're pitchforked out of that,  
And turned loose in chilly London on the scoop, like a stray cat,

With yer bits o' sticks permiskus in a barrer,  
or a truck,  
I can tell yer you feels lost like, and fair down  
upon yer luck.

Heviction? When you re stoney-broke, your  
dubs all hup the spout,  
And you 've nix to raise the rent on, I suppose  
you *must* turn hout;  
'Cos without them "rights o' propetty" no  
country couldn't jog;  
But that brings a cove small comfort when  
e's 'ouseless, in a fog!

I 'ave knocked about a middlin' little bit, you  
bet I 'ave,  
And I ain't what Barber BIDDLECOMBE would  
call "a heasy shave";  
But these Sanitary codgers give me beans,  
and no mistake.  
I am fly to most all capers, but don't tumble  
to *their* fake.

Seems to me all sentimental jor and cold  
chuck-out, it do.  
They may call their big Committees, and may  
chat till all is blue,  
But to shift me till they gives me somethink  
sweeter is all rot; [in the pot.  
Better leave my garret winder, and the flower  
That gerenum there looks proper; which I  
bought it of a bloke  
What does the "All a-blowin'!" with a  
barrer and a moke; [jolly sure  
And though tuppences is tuppences, I ain't so  
As to spend two-d. upon it were to play the  
blooming cure.

NOCKY SPRIGGINS did chi-like me. Reglar  
nubbly one is NOCK.  
With about as much soft feelink as a blessed  
butcher's block.  
He 'd a made a spiffing Club Swell if he 'd ony  
'ad the chink,  
With them lips like a ham sandwidge, and  
them eyes as never blink.

And I ain't no softy, neither, bet your  
buttons. That don't pay,  
For you're 'bliged to keep yer eyes peeled  
and to twig the time o' day;  
But I've got a mash on flowers; they are  
better than four 'arf,  
Them red blazers in my winder; so let NOCKY  
'ave his larf!

NOCKY tells me that the Westry means a-clearin' hout our place  
For to make a bit o' garding, wot they calls a Hopen Space,  
O I know the sort o' fakement, gravel walks, a patch o' grass,  
And a sprinkle of young lime-trees of yer Thames Embankment class.

Some bloke spots the place as likely, and praps buys it on the cheap,  
(Spekylators keeps *their* lids hup though the parish nobs may sleep,  
Pooty soon the pot's a-bilin' about Hopen Spaces. Yus!  
And the chap as bought the bit o' ground is fust to raise the fuss.

Recreation for the People, Hopen Playgrounds for the Young!  
That's the patter of the platformers; and don't they jest give  
tongue!

Well, it's opened with a flourish, and there's everyone content;  
Pertiklerly the landlords round as nobbles better rent.

But I don't object to gardings, not a mossel—t'other quite;  
As I've said, a bit of green stuff and a flower is my delight;  
I wish London was *more* hopen, and *more* greener, and *more* gay;  
Only people down our Court has got to *live* as well as *play*.

If they clears out the arf acre where we huddles orful close,  
We must all turn out, that's certain; where we'll turn to, goodness  
knows;

And it won't be werry spashus, the new "Park" won't, arter all,  
With the graveyard railinks one side, and on t'other a blank wall.

Wot we want is decent 'ouses, at a rent as doesn't take  
'Arf a cove's poor screw to pay it. That's the present landlord's  
fake!

If they only knowed 'ow 'ard it is to meet "Saint Monday" square,  
When yer 'ealth is werry middlin', and the jobs is werry rare!

P'raps them Dooks, and Earls, and Marquises, and Kernels, wot  
they states  
Has just clubbed theirselves together to keep down the bloomin' Rates,



### TAKING HIM RATHER TOO LITERALLY.

*Sir Biggan Burleigh (who doesn't see why he shouldn't have a turn in his own house, to very young Lady). "MISS VIOLET,—ROUND OR SQUARE?"*

*Miss Violet (her first ball, very bashful). "WELL—REALLY—SIR BURLEIGH—IF YOU INSIST—I SHOULD SAY"—(hesitating)—"DECIDEDLY ROUND!"*

And to smash the Kounty Kouncil, as they've bunnicked the Skool Board,

Jest a few of their hodd moments to *our* naybrood might afford.

They *must* 'ave a feelink 'art towards the poor, and no mistake,  
Or they wouldn't take sech trouble for the poor Ratepayers' sake,  
NOCKY SPRIGGINS sez it 'minds 'im of a League of Loving Cats  
To purtect from traps and pizen the poor mice and starvin' rats.

Jest like NOCKY's narsty way that is! But if them Dooks would try  
To assist the Kounty Kouncil in their new Committee—wy, [mock.  
They might 'elp our Health and Housing in a style as none could  
Give the proud "Pergressives" what-for, and fair put the shut on  
NOCK.

Arter all yer Public Garding's little better than a chouse,  
While the landlord rents yer heart out for a wretched Privit 'Ouse.  
And yer Hopen Space's pootiness ain't much good to *our* sort,  
Who are shut up in the dismal dens called 'Omes, gents, down our  
Court.

Oh, Philanterpists, and Sanitrys, and Dooks, I do not mean  
To be rucking upon Charity, or rounding on wot's clean;  
But if yer wants to 'elp us as has lived so long in muck,  
The *only* thing wot's wanted ain't to give us the clean—chuck!

### 'Arry Examined.

Q. What is meant by "Higher Education"?

*Arry.* Getting a Tutor at so much a week. That's the way I  
should 'ire education—if I wanted it.

A DEFINITION.—"A pun on a word is a *new sense*."—Dr.  
JOHNSON, Junior.



## THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXII.

SCENE—The Campo S.S. Giovanni e Paolo. Afternoon. CULCHARD is leaning against the pedestal of the Colleoni Statue.

PODBURY (who has just come out of S. Giovanni, recognising CULCHARD). Hullo! alone, eh? Thought you were with Miss TROTTER?

CULCHARD. So I am. That is, she is going over a metal-worker's show-room close by, and I—er—preferred the open air. But didn't you say you were going out with the—er—PRENDERGASTS again?

PODB. So I am. She's in the Church with BOB, so I said I'd come out and keep an eye on the gondola. Nothing much to see in there, you know!

CULCH. (with a weary irony). Only the mausoleums of the Doges—RUSKIN'S "Street of the Tombs"—and a few trifles of that sort!

PODB. That's all. And I'm feeling a bit done, you know. Been doing the Correr Museum all the morning, and not lunched yet! So Miss TROTTER's looking at ornamental metal-work? Rather fun that, eh?

CULCH. For those who enjoy it. She has only been in there an hour, so she is not likely to come back just yet. What do you say to coming into S.S. Giovanni e Paolo again, with me? Those tombs form a really remarkable illustration, as RUSKIN points out, of the gradual decay of—

Miss Trotter (suddenly flutters up, followed by an attendant carrying a studded halberd, an antique gondola-hook, and two copper water-buckets—all of which are consigned to the disgusted CULCHARD). Just hold these a spell till I come back. Thanks ever so much... Well, Mr. PODBURY! Aren't you going to admire my purchases? They're real antique—or if they aren't, they'll wear all the better... There, I believe I'll just have to run back a minute—don't you put those things in the gondola yet, Mr. CULCHARD, or they'll get stolen.

[She flutters off.]  
CULCH. (helplessly, as he holds the halberd, &c.). I suppose I shall have to stay here now. You're not going?

PODB. (consulting his watch). Must. Promised old Bon I'd relieve guard in ten minutes. Ta-ta!

[He goes; presently BOB PRENDERGAST lounges out of the church.]

CULCH. If I could only make a friend of him! (To BOB.) Ah, PRENDERGAST! lovely afternoon, isn't it? Delicious breeze!

BOB. (shortly). Can't say. Not had much of it, at present.

CULCH. You find these old churches rather oppressive, I daresay. Er—will you have a cigarette?

BOB. Thanks; got a pipe. (He lights it.) Where's Miss TROTTER?

CULCH. She will be here presently. By the way, my dear PRENDERGAST, this—er—misunderstanding between your sister and her is very unfortunate.

BOB. I know that well enough. It's none of my doing! And you've no reason to complain, at all events!

CULCH. Quite so. Only, you see, we used to be good friends at Constance, and—er—until recently—

BOB. Used we? Of course, if you say so, it's all right. But what are you driving at exactly?

CULCH. All I am driving at is this: Couldn't we two—er—agree to effect a reconciliation between the two ladies? So much pleasanter for—er—all parties!

BOB. I daresay. But how are you going to set about it? I can't begin.

CULCH. Couldn't you induce your sister to lay aside her—er—prejudice against me? Then I could easily—

Bob. Very likely—but I couldn't. I never interfere in my sister's affairs, and, to tell you the honest truth, I don't feel particularly inclined to make a beginning on your account. [Strolls away.]

CULCH. (to himself). What a surly boor it is! But I don't care—I'll do him a good turn, in spite of himself! (Miss T. returns.) Do you know, I've just been having a chat with poor young PRENDERGAST. He seems quite cut up at being forced to side with his sister. I undertook to—er—intercede for him. Now is it quite fair, or like your—er—usual good-nature, to visit his sister's offences—whatever they are—on him? I—I only put it to you.

Miss T. Well, to think now! I guess you're about the most unselfish Saint on two legs! Now some folks would have felt jealous.

CULCH. Possibly—but I cannot accuse myself of such a failing as that.

Miss T. I'd just like to hear you accuse yourself of any failing! I don't see however you manage to act so magnanimous and live. I told you I wanted to study your character, and I believe it isn't going to take me vurry much longer to make up my mind about you.

You don't suppose I'll have any time for Mr. PRENDERGAST after getting such a glimpse into your nature? There, help me into the gondola, and don't talk any more about it. Tell him to go to Salviati's right away.

CULCH. (dejectedly, to himself). I've bungled it! I might have known I should only make matters worse!

On the Piazzetta; it is moonlight, the Campanile and dome of San Giorgio Maggiore are silhouetted sharp and black against the steel-blue sky across a sea of silver ripples. PODBURY and CULCHARD are pacing slowly arm-in-arm between the two columns.

CULCH. And so you went on to S. Giovanni in Bragora, eh? then over the Arsenal, and rowed across the lagoons to see the Armenian convent? A delightful day, my dear PODBURY! I hope you—er—appreciate the inestimable privileges of—of seeing Venice so thoroughly?

PODB. Oh, of course it's very jolly. Find I get a trifle mixed afterwards, though. And, between ourselves, I wouldn't mind—now and then, you know—just dawdling about among the shops and people, as you and the TROTTERS do!

CULCH. That has its charms, no doubt. But don't you find Miss PRENDERGAST a mine of information on Italian Art and History?

PODB. Don't I just—rather too deep for me, y' know! I say, isn't Miss TROTTER immense sport in the shops and that!

CULCH. She is—er—vivacious, certainly. (PODBURY sighs.) You seem rather dull to-night, my dear fellow?

PODB. Not dull—a trifle out of sorts, that's all. Fact is, I don't think Venice agrees with me. All this messing about down beastly back-courts and canals and in stuffy churches—it can't be healthy, you know! And they've no drainage. I only hope I haven't caught something, as it is. I've that kind of sinking feeling, and a general lowness—She says I lunch too heavily—but I swear it's more than that!

CULCH. Nonsense, you're well enough. And why you should feel low, with all your advantages—in Venice as you are, and in constant intercourse with a mind adorned with every feminine gift!

PODB. Hul-lo! why, I thought you called her a pedantic prig?

CULCH. If I used such a term at all, it was in no disparaging sense. Every earnest nature presents an—er—priggish side at times. I know that even I myself have occasionally, and by people who didn't know me, of course, been charged with priggishness.

PODB. Have you, though? But of course there's nothing of that about her. Only—well, it don't signify. [He sighs.]



"I guess you're about the most unselfish Saint on two legs!"

*Culch.* Ah, *PODBURY*, take the good the gods provide you and be content! You might be worse off, believe me!

*Podb.* (discontentedly). It's all very well for you to talk—with Miss *TROTTER* all to yourself. I suppose you're regularly engaged by this time, eh?

*Culch.* Not quite. There's still a— And your probation, that's practically at an end?

*Podb.* I don't know. Can't make her out. She wouldn't sit on me the way she does unless she liked me, I suppose. But I say, it must be awf—rather jolly for you with Miss *TROTTER*? She's got so much *go*, eh?

*Culch.* You used to say she wasn't what you call cultivated.

*Podb.* I know I did. That's just what I like about her! At least—well, we both ought to think ourselves uncommonly lucky beggars, I'm sure! [He sighs more heavily than ever.]

*Culch.* You especially, my dear *PODBURY*. In fact, I doubt if you're half grateful enough!

*Podb.* (snappishly). Yes, I am, I tell you. I'm not grumbling, am I? I know as well as you do she's miles too good for me. Haven't I said so? Then what the devil do you keep on nagging at me for, eh?

*Culch.* I am glad you see it in that light. Aren't you a little irritable to-night?

*Podb.* No, I'm not. It's those filthy canals. And the way you talk—as if a girl like Miss *TROTTER* wasn't—!

*Culch.* I really can't allow you to lecture me. I am not insensible to my good-fortune—if others are. Now we'll drop the subject.

*Podb.* I'm willing enough to drop it. And I shall turn in now—it's late. You coming?

*Culch.* Not yet. Good-night. (To himself, as *PODBURY* departs.) You insensate dolt!

*Podb.* Good-night! (To himself, as he swings off.) Confounded patronising prig!

### HUMPTY-DUMPTY UP AGAIN!

THAT hardy annual known as The Drury Lane Pantomime is in full vigour this year, its flowers of a more brilliant colour than ever, and its leaves, as evidenced by the book of words, are fresh and vigorous. In no other sense, however, does the Drury Lane Pantomime



Little Tich and the Fine Fairy.

bear any resemblance to "a plant." There is no "take in" about it, except that even big Old Drury is not capable of holding all who would be present; and so it happens nightly I believe, that many are turned away from the doors bitterly disappointed. Such certainly was the case when the present deponent was installed, — without any unnecessary ceremony, — on a certain given night last week. "The book" is by the Every-knightly *DRURIOLANUS* and his faithful Esquire, *HARRY NICHOLLS*, who, much to everybody's regret, does not on this occasion appear as one of the exponents of his own work. There are Miss *FANNIE LESLIE*—too much "ie" in this name now, and one may ask "for why?"—Miss *MARIE* (not "MARY"—oh dear no!) *LLOYD*, Miss *PATTIE*—not *PATTY* of course—*HEWWOOD*, Mr. *JOHN* and Miss *EMMA* (dear me! not *EMMA*!) *D'AUDAN*, and Mr. *HERBERT CAMPBELL* as a grotesque monarch, Mr. *DAN LENO* as *Queen of Hearts*, Mr. *FRED WALTON*, wonderful in a frame as the living image of the *Knave of Hearts*, and a crowd of clever people. But among the entire *dramatis personae*, first and foremost, both the least and the greatest, is the impersonator of *Humpty-Dumpty* himself, the *Yellow Dwarf* alias *Little TICH*, who shares with the gorgeous spectacle and the exquisite combination of colours in *Scene Eight, The Wedding*, the first honours of the Great Drury Lane Annual. It is emphatically a Pantomime for children to see and to enjoy. The action is so rapid, song succeeds dance, and dance succeeds song, and permutations and combinations of colour are so brilliant and so frequent, that anyone

who wants full change for his money and a bonus into the bargain, will find it in the return he will get for his outlay on visiting the Drury Lane Annual. And now about the Harlequinade. The "Opening," as it used to be called, which, terminating with the Grand Transformation Scene, ought to be, theoretically at least, only the introduction to the real business of the evening, that is, the "Pantomime business," concludes at 10'45, and allows three-quarters of an hour for what is called "the Double Harlequinade"—which consists of one old-fashioned English Pantomime-scene, followed by a comparatively modern—for 'tis not absolutely "new and original"—French Pantomime-scene, and this arrangement seems like, so to speak, pitting English *Joey* against French *Pierrot*. This friendly rivalry has had the effect of waking up the traditional Grimaldian spirit of Pantomime, and Mr. *HARRY PAYNE*'s scene, besides coming earlier than usual, is, in itself, full of fun of the



"'Fin de siècle' Clown! Why, I've seen that sort o' thing done years ago, when I was a boy!"

good old school-boyish kind; and if the Public, as Jury, is to award a palm to either competitor, then it must give a hand—which is much the same thing as "awarding a palm"—to its old friend, *HARRY PAYNE*, who, with *TULLY LEWIS* as *Pantaloon*, has pulled himself together, and given us a good quarter of an hour of genuine Old English Pantomime, compared with which the other, though its fooling is excellent in its own way, is only comic *ballet d'action* after the style of *Fun in a Fog*. I think that was the title, but am not sure, of the gambols with which the *MARTINETTI* troupe used to entertain us. The new and improved style of ballet-dancing introduced by the now celebrated *pas de quatre* at the Gaiety, is charming, as here and now represented by Miss *MABEL LOVE* and her graceful companions.

To sum up; as the inspired poet of the immortal ode on Guy Fawkes' Day saw no reason why that particular treason should ever be forgot, so I, but uninspired, and only mortal, am unable to ascertain the existence of any objection to the opinion that this Pantomime possesses staying power sufficient to carry itself on for an extra long run of several months over Easter, and, maybe, up to Whitsuntide. There is but one *DRURIOLANUS*, and the Pantomime is his Profit! The two authors have achieved what "all the King's horses and all the King's men" (not of Cambridge, of course) could not effect!—they have set *Humpty-Dumpty* on his legs again! And so congratulations to "all concerned"! And, without prejudice to Sir *DRURIOLANUS*, I beg to sign myself, THE OTHER KNIGHT.

### The Lay of the Analytic Novelist.

["It is not the patent, obvious results of the inner working of mind on which the modern novelist dwells, it is on that inner working itself."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THAT odd barrel-organ, the human mind,  
I love to explore; 'tis the analyst's lute;  
But if I can only contrive to find  
How the pipes will grunt, and the handle will grind,  
I don't care a fig for the tune!

"HIT ONE OF YOUR OWN SIZE."—About the ups or downs of the Alexandra Palace, Mr. *SHAW LEFEBVRE* shouldn't have a row with a *LITTLE*, specially when the *LITTLE*, who if he, with his friends, take over the lease of the Alexandra themselves, will then be a Lessor, is pretty sure to get the best of the discussion.

BY A THOUGHTFUL PHILOSOPHER.—Any remedy against London fogs must involve a grate change.





## A GREAT DRAWBACK.

Dougal (with all his native contempt for the Londoner). "AYE, MON, AN' HE'S NO A BAD SHOT!"

Davis. "'DEED AN' HE'S A VERRA GUID SHOT."

Dougal. "HECH! IT'S AN AWFU' FEETIE HE'S A LONDONER!"

## THE NEW MONITOR; OR, JOSEPH'S JOBATION.

["It is reasonable to assume that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will at once perceive how his position has been altered by becoming the head of a party including many shades of opinion, instead of being, as he has been, the spokesman of a small set of politicians, earnest, no doubt, and 'active, but not quite in sympathy with all those who shared their fortunes."—*The Times*.]

"The arrangements consequent on Lord HARTINGTON's succession to the Peerage have very much narrowed the freedom previously enjoyed by the Member for West Birmingham, and, in a corresponding degree, enlarged the sphere of his responsibilities. . . . The Statesman who has to act as guide and moderator at St. Stephen's will be careful, no doubt, not to compromise his authority by any indiscreet or extravagant insistence on remote and contentious issues."—*The Standard*.]

SCENE — St. Stephen's School. Present, Doctor T., Principal, Mrs. S., Matron, and Master JOE, Pupil, lately promoted to Monitorship in the Lower School.

Doctor T. Ahem! And so, JOSEPH, we have to congratulate you upon your—a—a—promotion!

Master Joe (coolly). You are very good, Sir, I'm sure. [Whistles.]

Doctor T. Not at all, JOSEPH, not at all. That is to say—ahem!—you doubtless deserve it.

Mrs. S. Doubtless deserve it, JOSEPH! I always said you would turn out a better boy than, at one time I—that is to say, many—expected. It is a great consolation to me, JOSEPH, after all the care—

Master Joe (aside). And the numerous jobations!

Mrs. S. That I—that we have bestowed upon you, to find—ahem!—our best hopes so amply fulfilled.

Dr. T. Fulfilled, JOSEPH; whether amply or not it remains for you to prove.

Master Joe (carelessly). All right, Sir, I'll prove it fast enough.

Dr. T. I trust so, JOSEPH, I trust so, though "fast enough" is hardly the phrase I should have adopted, or—ahem!—recommended, —in the circumstances!

"Is there a word wants nobleness and grace,  
Devoid of weight, nor worthy of high place?"

You know what our excellent HORACE bids you do in such a case.

Master Joe (aside). Bothersome old Blimber!

Mrs. S. Yes, JOSEPH, slanginess, carelessness and extravagance of speech will not beseem your present position, you know.

Master Joe (aside). Frosy old Pipchin!

Dr. T. You could not, JOSEPH, put before you a better model than the boy whose post you assume, in consequence of his going to the Upper School; young HARTY, I mean, a boy who was ever a pattern of propriety, and one absolutely to be depended upon to maintain the prestige of the school, and—ahem!—the authority of the Masters, in every contingency.

Mrs. S. In every contingency, JOSEPH. How unlike that talented, but untrustworthy, senior of his, and of yours, WILL GLADSTONE; a lad whose leadership you once acknowledged, but whose pernicious influence, I am happy to find, you have lately quite cast off.

Master Joe (knowingly). Rather! Where there's a WILL there's a way; and WILL thought it must always be *his* way. But "not for JOE!"

Dr. T. Again, JOSEPH, is not that—ahem!—quotation from the popular minstrelsy of our time a little reminiscent of ruder, and more Radical days?

Master Joe. Perhaps so, Sir, perhaps so. Let me then say that "*Ego primam tollo, nominor quoniam Leo*" is a very pretty maxim for lions—and jackals. The former rôle I may not yet have risen to, but I'm hanged if I'll stoop to the latter.

Dr. T. Quite so, quite so! At any rate, not in such a questionable *Leonina Societas*. Remember, also, JOSEPH, what an awful example you have in young GRANDOLPH, with whom, at one time, you seemed a little intimate. You have only to reflect upon *his* *fiasco*, "to have the counsels of prudence borne in imperatively upon your mind, and the lesson will not be the less impressively taught if it is remembered that GRANDOLPH will be on the spot to take note of and profit by any mistakes that may be committed by his more deserving and successful rival."

Master Joe (aside). Lessons all round, eh? Seems to me all this grandmotherly advice is wondrous like a "wiggling" in disguise. Perhaps they'll find I'm better at teaching than learning.

Mrs. S. *Cavendo tutus*, JOSEPH, safe by caution. The motto of your predecessor. You cannot do better than take it as your own.

Master Joe (innocently). Think not, Ma'am? I fancy every man





### THE NEW MONITOR.

DR. TIMES. "YOU'RE A CLEVER BOY, JOE, AND WE CONGRATULATE YOU; BUT NOW YOU'RE IN A POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY,—AHM!—YOU MUST—AHM!—BEHAVE YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY!"



THE NEW MONTHLY

Published by the New Monthly Magazine Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

JA  
ough  
Cede  
D  
in yo  
-to  
(and  
and  
conc  
M  
prom  
insis  
M  
Quit  
I m  
I ha  
anti  
dice  
sang  
-w  
D  
you  
M  
whic  
anot  
M  
have  
D  
thin  
wish  
call  
bit  
pat  
and  
righ  
trin  
pub  
that  
spec  
reve  
othe  
than  
M  
you  
Mrs  
coun  
  
D  
Gos  
con  
  
V  
Fat  
the  
is a  
as t  
is i  
told  
inte  
sea  
anx  
eve  
hun  
whi  
exc  
righ  
T  
see  
the  
man  
who  
was  
A c  
one  
este  
I  
lead  
and  
and  
adm  
Ch  
can  
of t  
star



ought to have his own motto. Now I was thinking of *Cede nullis!*

Doctor T. Tut—tut—tut, JOSEPH! Inappropriate,—in your present position. You will have to yield to many,—to those in authority over you, in fact. "Leaders (and Monitors) have to subordinate their personal tastes, and even their individual convictions, to an enlarged conception of the general advantage."

Mrs. S. Yes, JOE, don't, whatever you do, compromise your authority by any indiscreet or extravagant insistence—

Master Joe (quickly, though with becoming gravity). Quite so, Ma'am! Very true, Sir! My "conceptions," I may say, have "enlarged" considerably of late, since I have found (as Mrs. S. well says) "how much of my antipathy" (to the powers that be) "was sheer prejudice." And, as to "the general advantage," I am sanguine that I shall find it consonant—if not identical—with my own.

Doctor T. (dubiously). Humph! Suppose you say yours with it, JOSEPH?

Master Joe (airily). As you please, Sir. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, you know.

Mrs. S. (aside). Smart boy, very! I fancy I should have more confidence in him if he were a little less so.

Doctor T. (gravely). You see, JOSEPH, there are some things in your earlier school career which your well-wishers would fain—forget. You were rather what is called, I think, "a young Radical" once, not to say "a bit of a pickle." You seemed not altogether out of sympathy with such revolutionary proceedings as "revolts" and "barring-outs," and even talked once, if I remember rightly, of putting the Principals "to ransom"—doctrines better worthy of a Calabrian brigand than of a public school-boy. But let bygones be bygones. Now that you are in a position of responsibility and—respectability, you will, of course, abandon all such revolutionary rubbish, and think not of yourself, but others; consider less the wild wishes of your inferiors than the wise commands of your betters.

Master Joe (solemnly). Oh, of course, Sir! And now, if you, Dr. Poloni—ahem!—Dr. T., and Mrs. Pip—I mean Mrs. S., have quite finished your wig—I should say wise counsellings, I think I'll—go out and play! [Does so.]

DYNAMITICAL ARGUMENTS.—The Apostles of "the Gospel of Dynamite" would, if they could, speedily convert a whole town—into a ruin.



### A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

*Seedy Individual (suddenly and with startling vigour)—*  
"AOH! FLOY WITH ME ERCROSS THER SEA,  
ERCROSS THER DORK LERGOON!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITH a spice of *Tristram Shandy*, a dash of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, and none the worse for the quaint flavouring thus given to the style and manner of the romance, *The Blue Pavilions* by "Q." is about as good a tale of rapid dramatic and exciting adventure as the Baron remembers to have read,—for some time at least. There is in it little enough of love, though that little is well and prettily told, but there is no lack of fighting at long odds and at short intervals, of hairbreadth escapes, and of such chances by land and sea as keep the reader, all agog, hurrying on from point to point, anxious to see what is to happen next, and how the expected is to eventuate unexpectedly. The story is for the most part told in a humorous devil-may-care-believe-it-or-not-as-you-like sort of way which compels attention, occasionally raises a smile, and always excites curiosity. As a one-barrel novel, this ought to score a gold right in the centre.

The writer of a little leader in the *Daily News* of last Wednesday seems to have been rather hard-up for a subject when he fell foul of the Messrs. MACMILLAN's cheap re-issue of *A Jest-Book*, compiled many years ago by Mr. PUNCH's MARK LEMON, "Uncle MARK," who brought the ancient Joe Miller up to that particular date. It was the last of the jest-books, and they are now quite out of fashion. A quarter of a century hence, no doubt, the fortunate possessor of one of these little books will come out with many a new jest, and be esteemed quite an original wit.

It would have been well for the writer of the above-mentioned leaderette had he referred to the ninth of ELIA's *Popular Fallacies*, and been thereby reminded how "a pun is a pistol let off at the ear; and not a feather to tickle the intellect." The Baron is prepared to admit that the lesson to be learned from this delightful Essay of CHARLES LAMB's is, that a pun once let off, has fizzled off, and cannot be repeated with its first effect. Now the honest historian of this, or of any pun, must reproduce in his narrative all the circumstances of time, place, and individuality that gave it its point; but

the effect of the pun, the Baron ventures to think, it is impossible to convey in print to the reader, read he never so wisely, nor however vividly graphic may be the description. Yet if this same reader possesses the art of reading aloud, with some approach to the dramatic Dickensian manner, then, given an appreciative audience, it is probable that the pun itself would not lose much in recital. At best, however, the crispness of the original salt is impaired, though the flavour is not lost by keeping, and the enjoyment of it must depend on the new seasoning provided by the reciter. Of course, its piquancy may have been staled by too frequent use—but "this is another story." After all, is a jest-book meant to be taken seriously? A question which "*nous donne à penser*," quoth THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

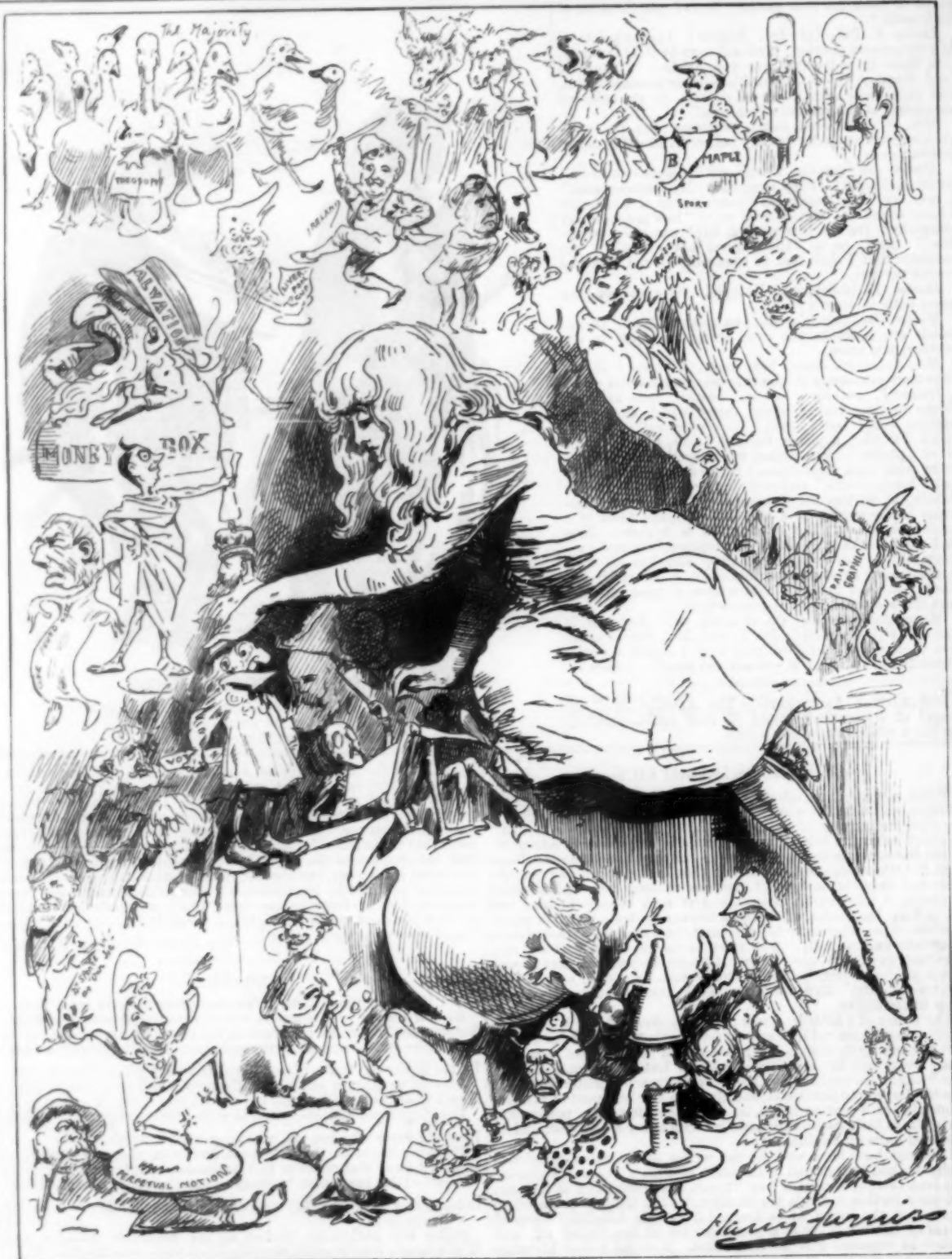
### FOGGED!

Blest if I know where I am in this murkiness made to benight us,  
Blest if I know what it means, this infernal Impressionist etching;  
Surely some WHISTLER renowned in the gibbering realms of Coeytus  
Drew it—and draws us along through its avenues ghostly stretching.

Lights flicker out in the gloom, like diminutive goblins that beckon;  
Onward we stagger and gasp in the grip of this emanence deadly:  
How I would curse if I could, but not RABELAIS even I reckon  
Language could find, or a voice if he wished for the sulphurous medley.

Blest if I know who you are, wicked giant, colossal above me,  
Pluto perchance or, that fell spirit-ferryman, Charon uprising!  
Blest if I know if survives in this demon-land anything of me,  
Blest!—It's a lamp-post, by George—a reality somewhat surprising!

London, how long shall thy sons rue this Angel of Death with his  
grim bow, [throttled?]  
Suffer this nightmare to last by its pestilence mangled and  
Would magic Science could scare the black vista to luridest Limbo,  
Would that fresh breezes were tinned and the sunshine of Italy  
bottled!!



MISS TWELFTHNIGHT AND HER CHARACTERS FOR 1892.



## THEFT v. THRIFT.

["The Economic Man, whose sole motive was selfishness, was created by ADAM SMITH."—*Daily News*.]

A CENTURY'S gone, and still wisecrackers plan  
A future for the Economic Man;  
But one fatality strikes us as comical,—  
That—up to now—he is not economical!  
The soulless thing whose motor sole is Self,  
Squanders, as well as snatches, sordid pelf.  
Perhaps if he could use as well as steal,  
The common wealth might prove the common weal.

MR. PUNCH'S NEW-YEAR HONOURS, GIFTS,  
GOOD WISHES, AND GREETINGS.

(Conferred by him, without "Official Notification.")

To Her Most Gracious Majesty.—The Queendom of his heart.

To the Duke of Clarence, and the Princess May.—A Bridal Quick March.

To Prince George of Wales.—A Clean Bill of Health.

To Prince Christian.—"Eyes right!"

To Mr. Gladstone.—Freedom from the City, its fogs, and politics.

To the Duke of Devonshire.—A Peerage, and the right successor in Rosendale.

To Mr. Chamberlain.—His Cartoon for the week.

To Mr. Balfour.—An Irish "Order."

To Lord Randolph Churchill.—"Something new out of Africa."

To the Peerage.—General Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS. (The greatest "honour" of the lot, by Jove!)

To Henry Irving.—"A Health to the King" (HARRY THE EIGHTH), and any number of Nights' (run).

To Johnny Toole.—Rapid recovery, and "another kind love" from *Toole-le-Monde*!

To Mr. Punch's Young Men.—Privy Councillorships (to the Public) all round.

To Everybody.—A Happy New Volume!

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE, BUT NOT A PRECEDENT.—It is a gracious act on the part of a Cabman, when, at a dinner-party, he gives the *pas* to an Omnibus-driver, at the same time courteously explaining this waiver of rights by saying that "at the present moment he is not standing on his rank."

"THE COMPLEMENTS OF THE SEASON."—Christmas Boxes.



## SUPERIOR EDUCATION.

Page Boy (to Jeames). "WHERE SHALL I PUT THISH 'ER DISH OF AMMONDS?"  
Jeames (with dignity). "I'M SURPRISED, HARTHUR, THAT AT YOUR HAGE YOU AVENT' LEARNT 'OW TO PERNOUNCE THE R IN HARMONDS!"

## ONLY FANCY!

In continuation of his interesting notes of incidents connected with the gathering of Ministers for the last Cabinet Council, Our Special Reporter states that the only *contretemps* arose in connection with the arrival of Mr. GOSCHEN. On alighting from his *coupé* the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER handed the driver a dirty crumpled piece of paper.



"Hi! wot's this?" shouted the Cabman.

"A one-pound note," said the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, blandly; "give me the change."

"Oh, no you don't," said the Cabman; "you try that on in the City, young feller. This is too far West."

Mr. GOSCHEN, evidently annoyed, carefully selected a worn-out shilling, and tossing it to the man, stalked haughtily into the Treasury. A moment later he hurriedly opened the door and looked out for the Cabman, but he had gone. It was understood, Our Reporter says, that the Right Hon. Gentleman had thought of a repartee.

The Morning Papers announce, with tantalising brevity, that "Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL has (sic) returned to Bruton Street from Berlin." We are in a position to add that the occasion of the noble Lords' journey to Berlin was of international interest. It is no secret at the Foreign Office that their Lordships have for some time been uneasy at the turn events are taking in the East. They have endeavoured to disguise from each other their perturbed feelings. But STRATHEDEN felt that CAMPBELL's eye was upon him, whilst CAMPBELL at last abandoned the futile effort of dissembling

his uneasiness under the cold steel-grey glance of STRATHEDEN. They finally agreed that the best thing they could do was to set forth for Berlin, making secret *détours* in order to call at other of the principal capitals, and confer with the Foreign Ministers. The result, we are pleased to learn, has been most beneficial, and has, so to speak, contributed a hodful of mortar to the foundation on which rests the peace of Europe.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is disposed to regard HOMER as over-rated. The only book of his she ever read, she says, is *Bombastical Furioso*, and certainly that did not assuage her appetite for any more.

Mr. STEAD has been taking into his confidence a universe thrilled with interest, with respect to certain presentiments which from time to time have struck his mind. One he dates in October, 1883, at which time he was sub-editor of an evening journal which Mr. JOHN MORLEY then edited. He had, he records, a presentiment that at an early approaching date, Mr. MORLEY would have quitted the establishment—dead Mr. STEAD genially anticipated—and that he would reign in Stead. In view of the public interest involved in these confessions, we have interviewed a certain Right Hon. Gentleman as to his susceptibility to presentiments.

"Well," he replied, "they are not usual with me; but I remember that for some time before the date mentioned, I felt that either Mr. STEAD or I must leave the paper."

One of the earliest volumes issued in connection with the newly-devised Automatic Library in use on some lines of Railway, is entitled *Beyond Escape*. We understand that subsequent volumes will be *Dashed to Pieces*, *The Broken Bridge*, *The Sprained Ankle*, *The Wheelbox on Fire*, *The Gorgon Guard*, *The Cruel Concocter*; or, *Cut in Train*, *The Colour-Blind Signalman*, and *Shunted and Shattered*.

## CROSSED-EXAMINATION.

OLD STYLE.—Nervous Witness about to leave the box, when his progress is arrested by Counsel on the other side.

Counsel (sharply). Now, Sir, do you know the value of an oath?

Witness (taken aback). Why, yes—of course.

Coun. (pointing at him). Come, no prevarication! Do you understand the value, or do you not?



Wit. (confused). If you will allow me to explain—

Coun. Come, Sir, you surely can answer Yes or No—now which is it?

Wit. But you will not let me explain—

Coun. Don't be impertinent, Sir! Explanation is unneeded. Mind, you have been sworn, so if you don't know the value of an oath, it will be the worse for you.

Wit. But you won't let me speak.

Coun. Won't let you speak!

Why, I can't get a word out of you. Now, Sir—in plain English—are you a liar or not?

Wit. (appealing to Judge). Surely, my Lord, he has no right to speak to me like this?

Judge. Be good enough to answer the Counsel's questions. I have nothing to do with it.

Coun. Now, Sir—once more; are you a liar, or are you not?

Wit. I don't think that's the way to speak to me—

Coun. Don't bully me, Sir! You are here to tell us the truth, or as much of it as you can.

Wit. But surely you ought to—

Coun. Don't tell me what I ought to do, Sir. Again; are you a liar, or are you not?

Wit. Please tell me how I am to reply to such a question?

Coun. You are not there to ask me questions, Sir, but to answer my questions to you.

Wit. Well, I decline to reply.

Judge (to Witness). Now you had better be careful. If you do not answer the questions put to you, it will be within my right to send you to gaol for contempt of Court.

Coun. Now you hear what his Lordship says, and now, once more, are you a liar, or are you not?

Wit. (confused). I don't know.

Coun. (to Jury). He doesn't know! I need ask nothing further!

(Sits down.)

Foreman (to Judge). May we not ask, my Lord, how you consider this case is being conducted?

Judge. With pleasure, Gentlemen! I will repeat what I remarked to the Master quite recently. I think the only word that will describe the matter is "noble." Distinctly noble!

[Scene closes in upon despair of Witness.]

NEW STYLE.—Arrogant Witness about to leave the box, when his progress is arrested by Counsel on the other side.

Coun. I presume, Sir, that—

Wit. (sharply). You have no right to presume. Ask me what you want, and have done with it.

Coun. (amiably). I think we shall get on better—more quickly—if you kindly attend to my questions.

Wit. Think so? Well, it's a matter of opinion. But, as I have an engagement in another place, be good enough to ask what you are instructed to ask, and settle the matter off-hand.

Coun. If you will allow me to speak—

Wit. Speak!—I like that! Why I can't get a rational word out of you!

Coun. (appealing to Judge). Surely, my Lord, he has no right to speak to me like this?

Judge. Be good enough to attend to the Witness. I have nothing to do with it.

Wit. (impatiently). Now, Sir, am I to wait all day?

Coun. (mildly). I really venture to suggest that is not quite the tone to adopt.

Wit. Don't bully me, Sir! I am here to answer any questions you like to put, always supposing that you have any worth answering.

Coun. But come—surely you ought to—

Wit. I am not here to learn my duty from you, Sir. You don't know your subject, Sir. How long have you been called?

Coun. I decline to reply.

Judge (to Counsel). Now you had really better be careful. I wish

to treat the Bar with every respect, but if you waste any more time I shall feel strongly inclined to bring your conduct before your Benchers.

Wit. You hear what his Lordship says. What are you going to do next?

Coun. (confused). I don't know.

Wit. (to Jury). He doesn't know! I needn't stay here any longer.

["Stands" down.]

Judge (to Jury). May I ask you, Gentlemen, how you consider this case is being conducted?

Foreman of the Jury. With pleasure, my Lord. We were all using the same word which exactly describes the situation. We consider the deportment of the Witness "noble." Distinctly noble.

[Scene closes in upon despair of Counsel.]

## ROBERT IN A FOG!

WELL, if we ain't a been and had a werry pretty dose of reel London Fog lately, I, for one, shoold like to kno when we did have one. As for its orful effects upon tempers, speshally female ones, Well, it's about enuff to drive a pore Waiter, let alone a hard-workin, middel-aged Husband, stark staring mad!

However, thank goodness, I've got one werry grand xception, and he reglar cheers me up with his constant good humer.

I need ardlly say as it's my old Amerrycan friend, who has cum back to the Grand Hotel again, jest for to see what a reel London

Winter is like, and he bears it all, fog and all, splendidly. He was jest in time to see Lord MARE's Sho from one of our best front winders, and if he didn't sit there and larf away as the pore soddened and soaked persession parsed by, speshally at the Lord MARE's six gennelmen with their padded carves and pink silk stockings, I never seed a gennelman larf. "Why on earth, Mr. ROBERT," he says to me, "why don't they have it in the bewtiful Summer, for it's really a very splendid performance?" To which I replied, rather smartly, becoz I was natrally rayther cross,

"Becoz it has allers bin held on the same honnerd day since the rain of Lord MARE ALLWINE, who rained sewen hunderd years ago," "And has probably rained ewer since," he larfingly replied, as he went out.

He thinks London a fine place for Theaters, and went sunware amost ewery nite afore the Fog begun; but that rayther tried him, speshally in the middle of the day; so he harsked me to tell him, from my long xperience, what was the best posserbel Lunch with which to fite agensit it. So I pulled myself together, and told him one of my good stories:—"One of our werry best City Judges, who is passed and gone, used to have a fat Buck sent to him wunce a year by the QUEEN, from Windsor Forest. He didn't care werry much for Wenson himself, so he goes to BRING AND RYMEH, wich is potical sort o' name, but it is the Turtel Firm, and he xchanges his Fat Buck for Turtel Lunches all through the cold, cold Winter, and they kep him helthy and strong for years."

"Then bring me one of his Lordship's Lunches at 2 o'clock sharp, to-day," said he, "and I'll try it." So I took him a scrumpshus bason of thick Turtel, and a pint Bottel of CLICO's rich Shampagne, and he finisht the lot, and said, "Bring me xactly the same splendid lunch ewery day the fog lastes." And I did; and he told me as how it enabeld him to face it bravely.

Well, now for my foggy story. On that orful Toosday as ewer was, I was a going to cross Cheapside near the Post Office, when a stout elderly Lady arsked me to see her over, and, just as we got to the Staty, in the middel of the road, down she fell, and dragged me down with her. A most kind Perliceman rushed to our assistance, and saved us both. I then, luckily, got her a Cab, and took her home to — Square, and, after paying the Cabby jest what he chose to arsk, she araked, with a sweet smile, if I shoold be offended if she gave me jest a trifur for praps saving her life, as she said. I told her, as I was only a pore Waiter, I was used to tips and strays; so she gave me a reel gold sovering, and a good arty squeeze of the hand, and paid the Cabby to take me home, and finisht by saying, "If you ever want a trifur, Sir, you know where to get it." And all I has to add is, that I thinks as my better arf mite have been jest a leetel more grayshus, as I told her, with amost tears in my eyes, of the graitfool conduck of the Lady of — Square. ROBERT.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.—"The beauties of Lendenhall and Farrington," said the D. T., "do not figure in 'der Hallen an der Spree.'" But in England, during Christmas time generally, we were "Hallen on der Spree." Rather!

"THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY."—A Morning Performance.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



# CARLTON HIGHLAND MALT WHISKEY.

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.  
GOLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION 1884.  
See the Gall.; See the Don.  
CARRIAGE PAIR. CASH ONLY.  
A single bottle, as a sample, will be sent post free to any address on receipt of P.O. for 1s. 6d.

**RICH'D. MATHEWS & CO.,**  
24 and 25, Hart St., Bloomsbury, W.C.  
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout  
INDIA and the COLONIES.

THE REAL "CUP O' KINDNESS."  
Perfect Blendings of the CHOICEST BRANDS of the  
Highest Grades of Fine Old Whiskies, in their  
Native Purity, as produced in Scotland, absolutely  
untampered with. MATHEWS IN SHERRY CASES.

## "B O S"

Exquisite Blendings—So harmonious in combination—Possessing character so novel and so entirely their own that they may fairly claim the very first place among high-class stimulants. Clever judges pronounce them "unique and unrivalled." May be ordered through any Wine Merchant or Grocer, or will be forwarded direct. See that the Corks bear the respective number of Stars indicating quality:—Gold Capsules, 10s. doz.; Blue Capsules, 4s. doz.; Green Capsules, 4s. doz. "B O S" is sold in Square White Bottles (4 to the gallon), labelled and capped, the quality being notified by a small label on each bottle. Cases charged 2s. per dozen, allowed for when returned, and 1s. per dozen allowed for empty "B O S" bottles. Sample Bottle, carriage paid anywhere in the United Kingdom, on receipt of 4s. 6d., 4s., and 3s. 6d. respectively.

**PEASE, SON & CO., LEITH, SCOTLAND.**  
English Addresses, LONDON and DARLINGTON.  
Established 1868. (Please mention "Punch" when ordering.) Carriage paid on orders of One Dozen and upwards.

# UAM-VAR WHISKY.

THE FAMOUS OLD SCOTCH.  
TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.  
SOLD IN THE PALACE AND THE SHEDDING.  
THE BEST FOR CAMP, MOOR, OR LOCH.  
Highest Awards.  
Recommended by the Medical Faculty.  
**ROBERTS & GRIEVE, EDINBURGH and LONDON.**



**ROPER FRÈRES'**  
FIRST QUALITY  
CHAMPAGNE.

**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**  
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **ARINE**. Sold only by W. WINTKILL, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 1s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ARINE is invaluable.



**WRIGHT'S**  
COAL TAR SOAP  
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS  
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN  
SMALL BOX 6d. A LUXURY FOR THE BATH  
THE MOST VALUABLE FOR THE WASHING  
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC  
SOLUBLE IN WATER  
WHICH EFFECTIVELY CURES  
DISEASES OF THE SKIN  
TABLETS 6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE  
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

# FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.



Plans & Estimates given for the  
**FIRE PROTECTION  
OF MANSIONS**  
in all parts of the kingdom  
**SHAND, MASON & Co.,**  
MAKERS OF STEAM FIRE ENGINES  
To Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Sutherland, &c.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.  
75, UPPER CROWN STREET,  
BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON.

## CHUBB'S SAFES

WILL PREVENT  
JEWEL ROBBERIES.  
PRICE LIST SENT FREE.  
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.1  
26, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

## GOLDEN HAIR ROBARE'S AUREOLINE

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.  
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World.  
Agents: R. HOVENDE & SONS, LONDON.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."  
**CLARKE'S**  
WORLD-FAMED  
**BLOOD  
MIXTURE**


It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the food and bones. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists, Proprietors, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

*Foreign Medicines  
& Toilet Articles &c.  
Robert & Co.  
Chemists, 5, R. de la Paix, Paris  
Keep at their London house  
76, New Bond St. W.  
all French & Foreign  
Medicines &c.*

"EXCELLENT—of Great Value."—Lancet, June 15, 1889.  
**CONCENTRATED** Gold Medals, 1884, 1886.  
**PEPTONIZED**  
NUTRITIOUS.  
DELICIOUS.  
DIGESTIBLE.  
**COCOA AND MILK**  
Tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., obtainable everywhere.  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.**

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine "Worcestershire Sauce."  
For HOT and COLD MEATS,  
GRAVIES,  
SALADS,  
SOUPS,  
GAME,  
FISH,  
WELSH RABBIT,  
&c., &c.



Signature is on every Bottle of the Genuine and Original.

## HOWARD BEDFORD HARROWS.

LIQUEUR OF THE  
Gde. CHARTREUSE.  
This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a considerably lower price than formerly. Sole Consignees, W. DOYLE, 20, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

WELCOME ALWAYS,  
KEEP IT HANDY,  
GRANT'S MORELLA  
CHERRY BRANDY.  
OF ALL DEALERS.  
Be sure and ask for GRANT'S, and don't be put off with inferior makes.

**HEERING'S** GOLD MEDAL  
COPENHAGEN  
CHERRY BRANDY.  
The Best Liqueur.

**SPILLER'S BORNEO CIGARS**  
These Cigars are made from pure BORNEO Tobacco only, and possess a delicate and fine aromatic flavour. They are exceedingly mild. Wholesale prices, 10s. to 25s. per 100, 50c. each. Apply for samples to  
**SPILLER & CO.,**  
118 & 120, CHARTERHOUSE ROAD, LONDON.

**SWEET LAVENDER** THE FAVORITE ENGLISH PERFUME  
MADE BY THE MILLER BRAND, REGISTERED.  
Always Refreshing, Sweet and Lasting.  
PRICE 1/1, 2/6, 5/1, & 10/6 per Bottle.  
To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c.  
WHOLESALE—R. HOVENDE & SONS,  
BARNES STREET, W. & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

Beware of Fakes offering imitations of  
**MAGNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS**  
"They are the best pens invented, and it is only bare justice to the patentee to sound the fact."  
Shakespeare News.  
6d. and 1s. per Box, at all Stationers.  
Sample Box of all the kinds, 1s. 1d. by Post.  
**Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.**

TO SAVE THE TEETH, USE DAILY  
**THOMPSON and CAPPER'S DENTIFRICE WATER**  
Beautifies and Preserves the TEETH.  
Imparts a Sweet Fragrance to the BREATH.  
Is Cooling and Refreshing to the MOUTH.  
And takes away smell of Tobacco.  
N.B.—The success of this first liquid Dentifrice made in England has led to many injurious imitations. It is necessary for purchasers to see T. & C.'s signature hand on each Bottle.  
Bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores, or sent, post free, from 24, GOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

**ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.**  
THE OLDEST AND BEST.  
"THE QUEEN" (the Lady's Newspaper) "feels no hesitation in recommending it."  
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.  
Manufactured by—SHEFFIELD.

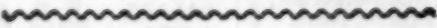


**COLT'S NEW UNITED STATES NAVY REVOLVER**  
For House Protection, Travellers, and for Military Purposes, takes Key's Patent. Express and all other .38 cal. Pistol Cartridges.  
**COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.**  
For Large and Small Game, Hook shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unequalled for rapidity of fire.  
**COLT'S REVOLVERS**  
carried off all the highest Prizes at Biele, Edinburgh, and Dublin in 1881. Price List free.  
**COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,**  
25, Glasshouse St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

**MILWARDS' Calyx-eyed Needles**  
THREAD WITHOUT THREADING

# 'K' BOOTS.

# Baby-Skin.



NO fine lady or grown-up girl has a skin like a baby's—not quite.

Most soaps but **PEARS'** have alkali in them.

Babies get washed with these soaps; their tender skins are made rough and red and sore; and yet the force of nature resists; there is no skin like the velvety baby-skin.

Haven't you seen a girl or woman catch sight of a dainty baby, and break into smiles all over her face? and, if publicity does not forbid, you have seen her rush to the little stranger, seize his hands and toes, and go into raptures over the pink and softness!

That's the charm of baby-skin; not of the baby—nobody goes for a pimply baby.

Every woman whose place in the world permits, and every man (though men are not supposed to tell it) wants, in proper measure, a baby-skin. Even the college athlete is not exempt. Let them use **PEARS' SOAP**, which is nothing but soap; pure soap, which is nothing but **PEARS'**.

We all have a baby-skin, unless it is eaten away by alkali. Nothing but soap will find it. It may be well disguised—**PEARS' SOAP** will find it.